

AL SCHMID: HERO
Butterfield, Roger

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AMERICAN FOUNDATION
FOR THE BLIND INC.



AL SCHMID AND RUTH HARTLEY ON PORCH OF JIM MERCHANT'S TYPICAL PHILADELPHIA ROW HOUSE. BANDAGES SHOW WHERE CHRAPNEL WAS REMOVED FROM AL'S LEFT HAND

AL SCHMID: HERO

NEARLY BLINDED WHILE KILLING 200 JAPS, HE HAS RETURNED TO THE GIRL WHO WAITED FOR HIM

by ROGER BUTTERFIELD

This is the story of Corporal Al Schmid, of the United States Marine Corps, and Ruth Hartley, the girl he left standing on a station platform in Philadelphia one day in June, last year.

Ruth and Al are a lot like millions of other young Americans who have gone down to trains and waved goodbye to each other in the last year or so. Ruth is a nice-looking girl with light golden hair and blue eyes, and a straight, slender figure. Al has stiff, sandy hair that won't lie smooth unless he wets it down with hair lotion. He likes to wear his green service cap pushed back on his head at a jaunty angle and when he grins his face lights up all over. He was always doing funny, unexpected things to make Ruth

laugh; even on the day he went away they were both laughing, because somehow the train got started while he was still standing on the platform, hugging Ruth, and he had to run and make a flying leap through an open window. He landed right in a Marine sergeant's lap. Afterward Ruth got a letter from Al which said, among other things, "It all happened just the way I wanted it to, down at the station. . . I'll always want you to remember me the way I was, when I looked out of the train window, laughing and thinking of you. . ."

Along with the letter Ruth got a small cardboard box from New River, N. C. with an engagement ring inside, and a card reading, "Till I come home. . . Al." It was the first time he

had ever said or done anything serious about being engaged.

After that Ruth didn't hear from Al for a long time and when she did—

But maybe the story had better go back to when Ruth and Al first met, around May 1941. Al was working then at the Dodge Steel Company in northeast Philadelphia, near the Delaware River. He worked a gas-fed torch in the foundry, cutting and shaping steel castings used in various kinds of machinery. He was 21 years old.

Al lived with a fellow a little older than himself, named Jim Merchant, who worked with him at Dodge Steel. Jim has a tow house a short walk from the foundry. Jim and his wife, Ella Mae, were friends of Ruth Hartley's people and

hife, v. 14, p. 12
March 22, 1943
Cleveland
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How to make a Husband listen!



1. "GAZE ON IT, HONEY—IT'S THE BRAN THAT WILL WIN YOU OVER TO BRAN EATING! SEE—MADE BY NABISCO, BAKERS OF RITZ, YOUR PET CRACKERS."



2. "I NEVER DREAMED BRAN COULD TASTE AS GOOD AS THIS NABISCO 100% BRAN. WHY YOU'LL EAT IT FOR FLAVOR ALONE."

3. "ISN'T IT DELICIOUS? AND SUCH A SMART WAY TO HELP RELIEVE CONSTIPATION DUE TO INSUFFICIENT BULK."



EFFECTIVE—BUT Milder Acting...

You see, NABISCO 100% BRAN is Double-Milled—and this improved process makes the bran fibers smaller ... less likely to be irritating. What delicious muffins this bran makes, too! (Try the recipe on the package.) Just be sure to get NABISCO 100% Bran—the kind in the yellow and red package!



This seal means that the Council on Foods of the American Medical Association has accepted this product and approves its advertisement. (If your physician, see a competent physician.)



BAKED BY NABISCO

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY



Scrapbook of Al's letters, clippings, snapshots and poems is kept up by Ruth at night. One page holds small card saying, "Till I come home. . . . That came with her ring."

AL SCHMID (continued)

that is how Ruth and Al got acquainted. It just happened that one Sunday the Merchants had Ruth and some other people over for dinner. Right away Ruth and Al seemed to like each other. They began having dates on Sunday afternoons, to go swimming at Crystal Pool; in the evenings they would drive out to the dances at Willow Grove in Al's Chevrolet. Willow Grove is a big amusement park just outside the city, with several shooting ranges. Al always liked to pick up a .22 and try his luck on the little china ducks. He was good at knocking them over.

The summer flew by and fall came and it was the same thing—going skating, holding hands in movies, driving out into the country. Only Al never got serious about love-making. Sometimes it seemed as though he wasn't very serious about anything. Sometimes he wore pretty clothes, but he never noticed them. When she tried to show him something new, he would laugh and kid her about it. He didn't want her to wear hats at all; he would grab them off her head and pretend to throw them out the car window. And once when she showed him a new dress, he laughed and said, "Pretty good for a funny-looking mouse. . . ."

"Where the hell is Pearl Harbor?"

Sunday, Dec. 7, rolled around, and as usual, Ruth and Al had a date. But along in the early afternoon Al was still sprawled out on the floor at Jim Merchant's house, looking at the papers and trying to get up the energy to get dressed. The radio was giving forth with some dance music. Suddenly that stopped; a voice said: "The Japs have bombed Pearl Harbor. We are at war with Japan." Al thought it was a joke, or a play or something; he turned on another station and got some more dance music. Pretty soon they cut that off and said the same thing, about Pearl Harbor. "All this time," remembers Al, "I was lying there like a dumb cluck, not thinking anything of it; finally I called to Jim, and said 'Hey, Jim, the radio keeps saying there is a war with Japan—where the hell is Pearl Harbor?'"

Pretty soon he got dressed and went over to Ruth's house, and they rode out together to a friend's house in the country, near Doylestown. Ruth hadn't heard the radio and Al didn't say anything about Pearl Harbor. It was a cold, bright, windy day; they were planning to go ice-skating. Al hunted around the farmhouse quite a while before he found some skates and then they walked over to a pond he knew about. But the ice wasn't thick enough, so Al built a bonfire, and they sat beside it and talked most of the afternoon. Later on they had a warm supper at the farmhouse. Everyone was happy and laughing and nobody talked about war; the news hadn't sunk in, somehow. Al said goodnight on the front porch at Ruth's house and it wasn't until she went inside that she heard about Pearl Harbor and all the things that were happening. Al came over the following night and talked about enlisting; some of the other fellows at the foundry had signed up already, and he had seen their papers. But Ruth couldn't take him seriously; he

**Don't put a cold
in your pocket!**



DURING COLDS!
CARRY SOFT,
CLEAN KLEENEX
HANDKERCHIEFS
INSTEAD OF
HANKIES. USE
EACH TISSUE ONCE—
THEN DESTROY—
GERMS AND ALL.
(From a letter by D. X. R.,
Lawrence, Neb.)

WIN \$25
WAR SAVINGS BOND
FOR EACH TISSUE YOU PURCHASE
OF KLEENEX THE USE
OF KLEENEX TISSUES
HELPS YOU WIN THE WAR
BIG ANCHORAGE PRIZEBOND



Thrifty Nifty!

I FIND OTHER TISSUES TEAR AND
CRUMBLE BUT KLEENEX SAVES ME
MONEY BECAUSE IT'S STRONG AS—
WELL AS SOFT! (From a letter by D.F.M.,
Chicago, Ill.)



Yanky's Hanky!

MY BOY IN SERVICE IS ESPECIALLY
GRATEFUL WHEN I INCLUDE KLEENEX
IN HIS PACKAGE FROM HOME. "MAKES
SMELL HANKIES," SAYS HE!
(From a letter by M. P., Burlingame, Calif.)

**I WAS THE PRINCE
OF WAITS TILL
MOM GOT KLEENEX***



KLEENEX

SERV-A-TISSUE BOX
SAVES TISSUES—SAVES MONEY!
BECAUSE IT SERVES UP JUST ONE
DOUBLE TISSUE AT A TIME!

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Al stops in for a beer at Carl Henninger's taproom during weekend leave from hospital. He had 50 beers coming from playing pinball machine before he joined Marine Corps.

AL SCHMID (continued)

was always talking big. Then on Dec. 9 he told her: "I'm in—I went down to the Custom House and signed up." He was going away on Jan. 5. Then he grinned. "The Marines are very polite," he said. "I told them I had a date with a blonde on New Year's Eve, and they said, 'OK, you can keep it.'"

Ruth thought then that he was going to propose. But he didn't, quite.

On Christmas Day he said, "Next year we'll have a tree of our own. I'll be back then and we'll trim it with Japanese pigtails."

Ruth went alone to see him off, the first time. There was an unspoken agreement between them that they were to go on the same way—laughing, clowning, kidding each other. Al sent many cheerful letters from Parris Island, the "boor" camp, and later from New River, N.C. Ruth answered in kind; once she mailed him a lock of her hair with a blue ribbon tied around it, and when he opened the letter the hair fell out on his cot. He never heard the end of that.

In June Al came back for his last short leave before starting for "destination unknown." Dodge Steel gave him a present while he was home: a bonus for his work during 1941. He was tickled to get the money; he told Ruth he knew just what he was going to do with it, but wouldn't say what. Then came the day when Al made his flying exit from Philadelphia and soon afterward Ruth knew what he used his money for—her ring. From New River Al wrote: "When . . . the fellows found out I had 60 bucks in my pocket, you should have seen all the friends I had, but I told them this was one time I couldn't lend anybody any money, because I had something important to get and the sons-of-guns are still trying to find out what I did with the money . . ."

In August Ruth read about the Marine landings on Guadalcanal in the *Solomons* and wondered if Al was there. It was agony to know nothing at all. In mid-September she finally got a letter, dated Aug. 26. The writing was strange; the envelope was charred around the edges, as though it had been near a fire or something.

"Dear Ruth," it began, "I don't know how to start this letter as I am not very good at writing. Al asked me to write this letter for him as he has been wounded in battle. I am a sailor and am taking care of him. He is all right and I wouldn't worry about him . . . I will tell you honestly and truly though that he is a HERO, and I mean HERO . . ." There was some more like that, and then it ended, in the strange handwriting, "Lots of Love, Al Schmid."

There was no place given—the censor had cut it out. Again weeks dragged by. On Oct. 20 she got a neat typewritten note with a small Red Cross printed at the top. It said that Al had just been admitted to the hospital at San Diego, Calif. A few days later came a four-page letter from Virginia Pfeiffer, a Red Cross worker at the hospital. She had been talking to Al, she said, and he had been wondering for a long time if he should tell Ruth what was wrong with him.

"He has lost one eye . . ."

"Today he told me he might as well let you know," wrote Miss Pfeiffer. "He has lost one eye and the other is seriously damaged. The doctors will not know for several months whether he will have any

USE FRENCH'S WORCESTERSHIRE?

YOU BET WE DO!

IT'S TOP-NOTCH QUALITY AT HALF THE PRICE!

Makes wartime meat dishes taste delicious

Try this new recipe! Shape chopped raw meat into patties. Then *pour*—and we mean that literally—French's Worcestershire over the well-seasoned meat. Then place on griddle, and cook as you would hamburger. Delicious, *delicious*—a wonderful way to step up the flavor of wartime meat cuts.



YOUR
appearance depends upon
the care you give your
HAIR
Loose dandruff disappears
with daily applications of
JERIS
for Loose Dandruff
At All Drug Stores and Barber Shops

CONTINUED ON PAGE 40



THE SLIDE FASTENER: ITS 123 VITAL USES IN MODERN WAR!

AS you read this . . . an American pilot in Tunisia is "zipping" into his uniform in a race against Axis bombers . . . a ski trooper in Alaska is warm because a slide fastener seals out icy blasts . . . a paratrooper hurtling through the sky over Texas is protected by the streamlined closure of a slide fastener in his uniform! Today, the same speed, security, dependability that made Americans buy a billion Talon fasteners in peace-time are proving indispensable to the armed forces on 123 different pieces of equipment.

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ELECTRICALLY HEATED FLYING SUIT . . . with its slide fasteners, does away with need for heated cabins.



DOZENS ON ONE PLANE! Slide fasteners on vents, bomb-sight cases, gun and engine covers and many other places save crucial time for inspection, refueling, reloading; facilitate work of crew.



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"TALON"
THE dependable
slide fastener

MADE IN U.S.A. PAT. OFF.



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THE GOOD TAKE WILL



you do accidentally damage your Schick, all will not be lost!

At any of the offices listed below, you can get renewal parts and expert repair service at low cost. For only \$3, they can fit your present Schiek with a new 2-M Hollow-Ground Shearing Head, if it needs one.

In any case, we suggest you take or mail your Schiek in for a check-up job—cleaning, adjusting and lubricating. Why not do it today? The charge will be trifling!

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er Schick Shaver in shipshape condition
parts—including the new 2-M Hollow-
ough Schick Service, Inc., at all of their
to shavers mailed to these offices.

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CANADIAN OFFICES
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CALGARY, seventh Ave. West

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NEW YORK
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200 Highway Bldg.

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908 Investment Bldg.
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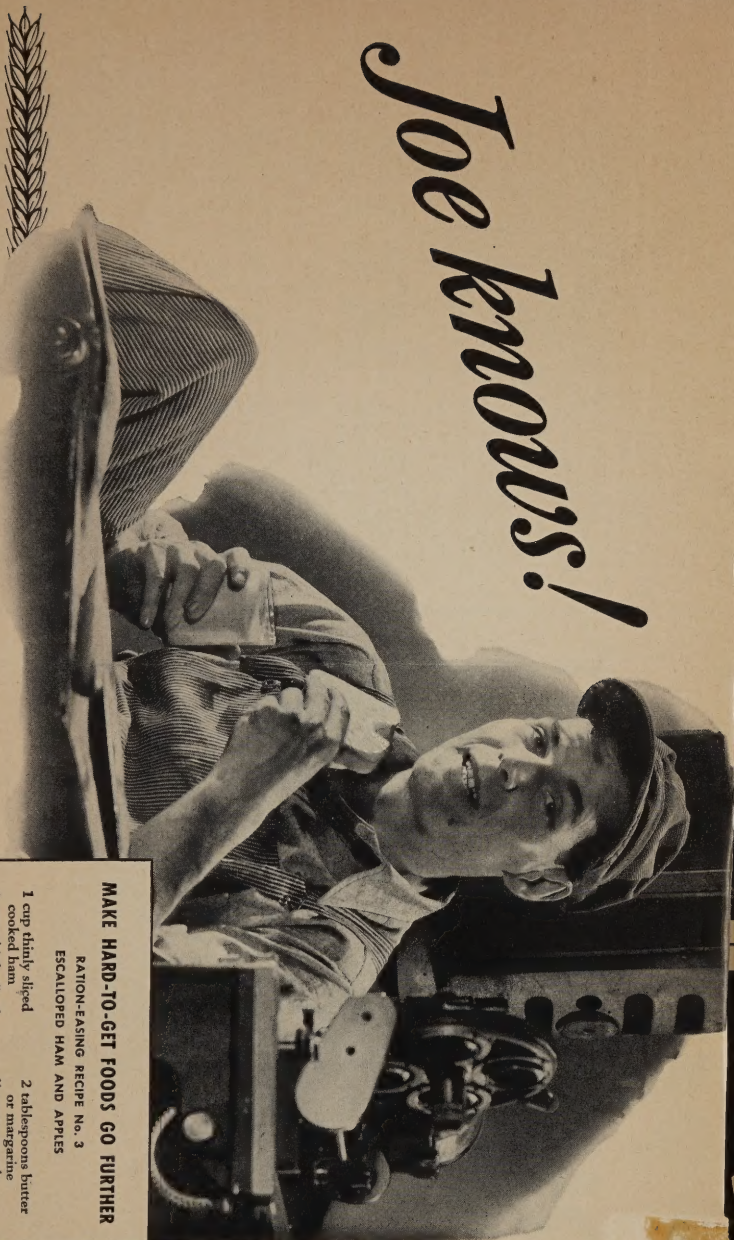
BELLEVILLE, PA.

SHAPER

WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

CONTINUED ON PAGE 12

Joe knows!



JOE is right down to earth about his "eats." He knows that good nutrition calls for many different foods, of course. But most of all, give him plenty of bread in meals and *with* meals—and he'll show you the kind of all-out work we need to beat the Axis.

And you can multiply Joe by the millions. The brawn of our nation is in its bread-eaters—in our factory men and women, our fighting forces. Today they're *eating more bread—institively turning to it for extra food-energy.*

Certainly there's a lesson here for all Americans today. Neatly everybody needs

more food-energy now—even those whose only increased effort is walking to save gas and rubber.

Bread can provide it—because it is a basic food that's every bit as nutritious as enjoyable. That is especially true now that all white bread is enriched with its full complement of Vitamin B₁, niacin and iron.

See that your family gets an *extra* loaf of bread every day or two. And if you want to make rationed foods stretch—you'll try the many stunts you can perform with bread, like the one described in the panel at right.

Bread is basic



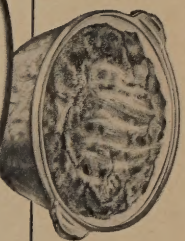
MAKE HARD-TO-GET FOODS GO FURTHER

RATION-EASING RECIPE No. 3
ESCALLOPED HAM AND APPLES

- | | |
|--------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1 cup thinly sliced cooked ham | 2 tablespoons butter or margarine |
| 2 cups thinly sliced apples | ½ teaspoon salt |
| 1½ cups soft bread crumbs | ¼ teaspoon mustard |
| 1½ cups hot water | 2 tablespoons dry bread crumbs |
| ½ cup molasses | 1 tablespoon water or margarine |
| 1 tablespoon vinegar | |

Fill baking dish with alternate layers of ham, sliced apples and soft bread crumbs. Then mix together hot water, molasses, vinegar, butter or margarine, salt, pepper and mustard. Pour over mixture in dish. Cover top with dry bread crumbs and dot with butter or margarine. Bake at 375° F. for 45 minutes.

6 servings.



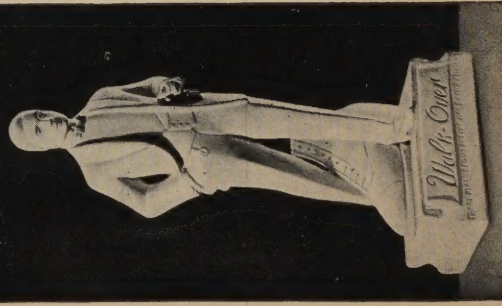
MOST GOOD BREAD IS MADE WITH FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST FOR REASONS SUCH AS THESE:

1. Fleischmann pioneered the modern scientific method of making yeast, which makes it the most uniform, reliable of all leavening agents.
2. More than 400 different methods of making yeast have been tried, but only Fleischmann's Yeast, but virtually all other yeasts, are made from a single source.
3. Fleischmann's Yeast is the only yeast that is certified pure by the U.S. Food and Drug Administration.
4. Fleischmann's Yeast is the only yeast that is certified pure by the U.S. Food and Drug Administration.

75 years of food Yeast for good bread

FLEISCHMANN 1868 - 1943

**THIS LITTLE
STAMP CAN GO
A LONG, LONG WAY**



• Be fair to yourself—and your country. Don't buy shoes unless you need them. And when you do—use that precious ration stamp wisely—for good quality... fit you can be sure of.

For 69 years the "Walk-Over man" has been a trusted symbol of fine shoe-making. Look for the store that displays him. Look for him on any shoe you consider.

Typical is this Joubert, Tan or black. Authentic, original, officially approved. Walk-Over exclusive natural-fit lasts need no breaking-in—keep their smart looks longer. Oil-treated soles for extra service. Walk-Over prices \$8.95 to \$12.95. Geo. E. Keith Company, Brockton, Mass.



WALK-OVER
SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN



Al's gun is cleaned by Jim Merchant while Jim's daughter watches. Handy with a shotgun, Al is proudest of the time he got a "double" by shooting two pheasants on the wing.

AL SCHMID (continued)

Of the 1,200 Japs who tried to cross the Tenaru River that night, 18 were wounded, 2 were captured, and the rest were killed. Once Lee heard a kind of scrambling noise a few yards in front of the nest. He got his Reising sub-machine gun in his good hand, poked his head over the top of the nest and let go. The noise stopped and later they found three Japs down there. But somewhere one Jap had managed to get through, for suddenly there was a blinding flash and explosion, and something hit Al a terrific wallop in the face. It was a Jap hand grenade that had exploded against the left scarp of the gun. When Al put his hand up, all he could feel was a wet sticky pulp. He thought sure part of his face had been blown away.

The Japs were still firing away and Al reached into his holster and took out his .45. Lee heard him fussing with it and yelled, "Don't do it, Smitty, don't shoot yourself."

"Hell," said Al, "Don't worry about that. I'm going to get the first Jap that comes in here."

"But you can't see," Lee told him.

"Just tell me which way he's coming from and I'll get him," said Al.

But the Japs never came; probably there weren't many of them left by that time. Hours later, Al was carried back to a dressing station on a blanket—he still had the .45 in his hand. He heard the lieutenant's voice and held out the gun to him. "I guess I won't need this any more, sir," he said. Then he passed out.

Al asked her not to come

Long before Ruth knew about all this she wrote to Al in San Diego that she wanted to come to him at once. Miss Pfeiffer replied, saying that Al definitely asked her not to come. "Not that he loves you any the less... but that he loves you more, and fears he will hurt you in some way," she tried to explain. Al needed time to adjust himself, she went on. He had periods of great unhappiness and depression.

Another letter: Al had decided, Miss Pfeiffer wrote, that Ruth must drop their plans. When he left the hospital he would not be coming back to Philadelphia; he would go to Chicago, where his brother lived, and start over.

It sounded like the "brush-off," all right. But Ruth understood. She wrote again. Al had told her he wanted her to laugh, wanted her to remember him laughing. She sent him a laughing letter.

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Tooth Brush
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only 23¢

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IN DUST-PROOF
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**Patrols report
three kinds of
worms!**

—SAYS "OLD SARGE"

My outfit has strict regulations about worms. We must have the right worms for each type of wound.

For Large Roundworms or Hookworms, we use Sergeant's SURE SHOT Capsules (or Puppy Capsules for pups and small dogs). For Tapeworms—Sergeant's Tapeworm Medicine. Both clean 'em out pronto! Then Sergeant's Vitamin Capsules to help the patient back to health.

Learn about worms (and other ills) in the Sergeant's Dog Book. Free—at drug and pet stores everywhere.

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SERGEANT'S, Dept. 52-c, Richmond, Va.
Send no money—just your name, address,
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Sergeant's
DOG MEDICINES



Announces

A NEW, NATION-WIDE CONSERVATION SERVICE

TO MAKE this new service available quickly, AC has placed trained men in the field to carry to all service organizations the latest and best methods of diagnosing trouble, testing, adjusting, and repairing AC products with a minimum of parts replacement. This will help to conserve material and shorten the time required for repairs.

For Your Car or Truck

Your car or truck is equipped with from one to nine of these AC devices. All are *important* to the

conservation of your gasoline, oil, and tires. Some of them are so indispensable that, if they fail, you cannot drive at all.

For Yourself—and America

A list of the products covered by this new, wartime service; and a brief statement of what they require, and why; are given below on this page.

For your own good, and for the conservation of America's gas, oil, and tires, follow the suggestions given.

This new service will save time on repairs, and conserve vital materials on all nine of these AC products—



SPARK PLUGS—Dirty or worn plugs waste as much gas as one coupon in every ten. They also cause hard starting which weakens your battery. Have your plugs cleaned and adjusted every few months because they get dirty faster with slow driving.



AIR CLEANERS—A dirty air cleaner restricts the flow of air into the carburetor. This reduces gasoline economy, increases gas consumption. So, to maintain gas economy and to protect your engine against dust, have your air cleaner rinsed every time your car is lubricated.



FUEL PUMPS—Fuel pumps are practically trouble free. However, if yours has been in use thirty or forty thousand miles, it may be worn to the point where a check-up is due.

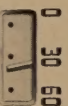
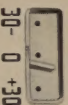


OIL FILTERS—Slow driving greatly accelerates the formation of soot and carbon in engine oil. If not constantly filtered from the oil, this dirt will clog piston rings which will cause increased consumption of oil and gas. So, replace your oil filter elements whenever your dealer's AC Oil Test Pad shows that your oil is dirty.

SPEEDOMETERS—Speedometers, too, are very reliable and seldom give trouble. But, today, it is absolutely necessary to keep them in good condition.

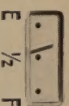


AMMETERS—Your ammeter is very reliable and seldom requires service, but it must be kept in good condition because it is the tell-tale which shows whether the battery is being charged or drained.

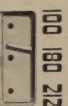


OIL PRESSURE GAUGES—If your oil pressure gauge stops functioning, SWITCH OFF YOUR ENGINE and call a competent service man at once, or the engine may be seriously damaged. The gauge, often, is not at fault. Usually, the trouble is in the oil supply system.

GASOLINE GAUGES—Gas gauges need to be kept in reliable condition, although they seldom need service.



TEMPERATURE GAUGES—Your temperature gauge is your only indicator of engine heat. Although very reliable, it should be kept in condition. An overheated engine can suffer expensive damage and waste anti-freeze.



SMOKING LESS—or SMOKING *MORE*?

*GOV'T. FIGURES SHOW ALL-TIME PEAK IN SMOKING!



You're SAFER smoking
PHILIP MORRIS!

Scientifically proved less irritating
for the nose and throat

***H**ere it is—fast.*

Reported by eminent doctors—in medical journals.
Their own findings that:

When smokers changed to PHILIP MORRIS, every case of irritation of the nose or throat—due to smoking—either cleared up completely, or definitely improved!

Actual men and women smokers, mind you—not laboratory "analysis". Proof that PHILIP MORRIS are far less irritating to your nose and throat.

NOTE we do not claim curative power for PHILIP MORRIS. But, man! What solid proof they're better... safer... to smoke!

And that's in addition to their finer quality—the finer flavor and aroma of superb tobaccos. Try them!



And do they taste GOOD!

CALL FOR
PHILIP MORRIS

America's FINEST Cigarette

give her the air? Who was the other girl—a nurse, maybe, or a WAAC? Or had Al found his dream girl in the Pacific somewhere? And she made a suggestion: "Perhaps it would be wise for you not to write him every day—for a while . . . He thinks people are being too nice to him."

Ruth understood that too. And this time it hurt. The inference was plain: that some day she might stop writing, might lose interest—and that would be too hard on Al. She stopped and waited.

Not for long; within a week Miss Pfeiffer was writing that Al missed the letters badly, that Ruth had better keep on sending them.

And Ruth kept sending them. Laughing letters, kidding letters, letters about the people and places Al knew. On Nov. 20 Miss Pfeiffer wrote: "Guess who brought your letter up to me? None other than Al himself . . . He got quite a kick out of bringing the letter up to my office (you see the Red Cross is in a separate building). I read the 'newsy' parts to him so he knows you still love him . . . He also had some more shrapnel dug out of his face and ear so he's quite handsome . . ."

He felt her hat pressing against him

Al came home Jan. 19 this year. He stepped off a train at North Philadelphia station, looking straight and strong, with his cap cocked back at the old jaunty angle. He laughed when he felt Ruth's hat pressing against him, and her arm behind his shoulder.

He laughed again when the reporters asked, "Are you going to invite us to the wedding?"

"Sure, you bet," he said.

Al and Ruth are going together again these days. Wednesday evenings, after work, and Saturday and Sunday afternoons, Ruth goes to the Naval Hospital. She picks up little presents to take down to him, like an Esquire calendar she saw on a newsstand recently. They both got a good laugh over the way Al studied the girl pictures on each page. "He could see them all right!" says Ruth.

As a matter of fact Al sees a good many things. The doctors at the Naval Hospital report he has had a "definite improvement" since he arrived. He can now distinguish colors and moving figures. He shaves, dresses, goes to the clinic by himself and carries on a pretty continuous barrage of wisecracks with his fellow patients. Now Al, who has recently been awarded the Navy Cross and promoted to Corporal, is allowed liberty from the hospital for weekends without medical supervision.

The Navy doctors want to keep on treating Al, maybe for a year yet. It is still too soon to know how much more of his vision is coming back. People have already talked to him about jobs he can have in the future—but Al doesn't want any snap. When he can see a little better, he will take care of himself all right.

As for Ruth, she doesn't mind waiting. She has waited quite a while already.



The Navy Cross is pinned on Al by Colonel A. E. Randall of the U. S. M. C. in Philadelphia. Corporal Diamond, who directed Al's fire, was also awarded the Navy Cross.

"Thanks, Mom..."



"Thanks for all the things you do every day that will help bring me and the rest of the boys home sooner... When I see men out here giving their all for Victory, it's easy for *me* to understand why it's so important for the folks back home to sacrifice and do without. But *you*, Mom, are doing a swell job even though you're far away from this mess... and that makes me specially proud. Thanks for saving fats and greases... I hear them go off with an almighty bang every day. Thanks for saving food... I'm eating some of it now. Thanks for saving Gas at home... God knows we need the tanks and guns and planes that are produced with Gas. Honest, Mom, I think they should give medals to women like you who are fighting the good fight for freedom back on the home front!"

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AUTHOR

Butterfield, Roger

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